

May 19 1943

My darling Mama:

Saturated with that foggy, lazy feeling I use to have when I slept late at home, I sit to write this letter – 3 days late – we are working the night shift in the magazine area; from 6 in the afternoon to 2:30am – Then we sleep until 11 in the morning; it affords me more time for sleep than at any other time since I've been here

Moonlight we are ammunition magazine area is impressive – as I mentioned before the Igloos are about 30 yards long about 10 yards wide – they jut up out of the ground, being topped by a rectangular shape dome of white concrete – over the door way is a [illegible] of concrete – Part of the domes are covered with sand & grass, but part are bald – The moon shines on them, and they look for all the world like huge tombs – and the entire 800 of them glitter in the moonlight, like a large grove yard – Last night the moon was shaded, barely [illegible] so by a thin mist of clouds – the surrounding mountains gave off an indescribable here of blue under the moon – They looked so clean & fresh and fairy tale like, that I talked to myself in admiration of them – all the worries and cares in the world vanish completely when one is out like that

Received your letter today mailed the 15th, and, as usual enjoyed it – was darn glad to hear that Philip had been heard from: am surprised that he could tell about being in Cairo – He must be in Africa if he spent two days in Cairo – unless he stopped there enroute – Have never received your letter bearing Sam's letter – I want to write him

Lt. Balling leaves for a 15 day furlough in Baltimore Sunday, and I assume the duties of Company Commander

Am enclosing some snapshots of Anita and myself; they are very poor – I look very rakish & dilapidated in them, and she looks rather plumpish which she is not. She came out here to a dance last Saturday night and I rode back in with her after the dance. We went to mass Sunday morning at Our Lady of the Snows – which is a new church – beautiful inside – Lord, but Reno is dazzling beautiful in the Spring

Am anxious to hear from you concerning our proposed Denver venture The \$150.00 I spoke of will probably take care of a good more expenses than our travel fare

Shall close, my darling person, and write more next time

Your loving son,

John Harrod

I have my summer uniforms – would like to see your dress